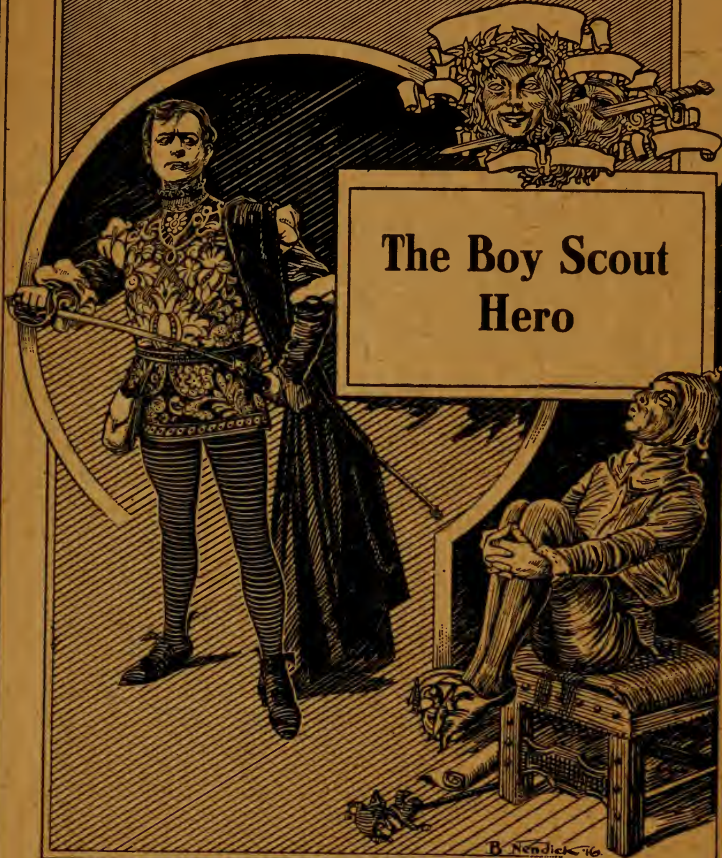


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T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

THE BOY SCOUT HERO

A COMEDY DRAMA

IN TWO ACTS

BY

EDWIN PULLER

Former President, Scoutmaster's Association of St. Louis

AUTHOR OF

"Biff McCarty," "The Eagle Scout," "Your Boy and His Training," Etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

PS635
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THE BOY SCOUT HERO

CHARACTERS.

"BING" BAKER.....*A Member of the Alley Gang*
"RED MIKE" FOGARTY
.....*Bing's Uncle, Burglar and Ex-Barkeep*
"DEACON" PARSONS
.....*Senior Patrol Leader of Boy Scout Troop*
"CURLY" COOVER.....*Patrol Leader of the Troop*
SCOUTMASTER*Played by Himself*
"RAZE".....*The Colored Cook of the Camp*
"HAPPY" HOLMES*The Wit of the Troop*
"SKINNY" FORD.....*Who Fights Rattlesnakes*
"PUDGE" PETERS*Who Tells of the Rescue*
"BUDDY" RUDDY*A Live Wire*
"TOOTS" WEAVER*The Troop Bugler*
"DICKY" BYRD.....*A Small Scout but a Good One*
"BUNNY" BROWN.....*Always Around When Wanted*
"STUFFY" WYMAN.....*Always Around at Meal Time*
"PIGGIE" BACON, "HEINE" MEYERS, "SCOTTY" MCGREGOR.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BING BAKER—Boy tramp in Act I. Scout uniform in Act II.

RED MIKE FOGARTY—Tramp make-up.

RAZE—Negro chef with a plain negro wig, or a fright wig.

ALL OTHERS—Scout uniforms.

TIME—*The Present.*

PLACE—*Boy Scout Summer Camp in Woods.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About One Hour and Thirty Minutes.*

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NOV -4 1916

no. 1

STORY OF THE PLAY.

ACT I—A boy scout troop is on its annual camp in the woods. Soon after reveille Bing Baker, an orphan and a street gamin, comes into camp with two chickens, which have been stolen by his uncle, Red Mike Fogarty, with whom he is living in a cave near camp, to avoid the officers of the law who are searching for him to arrest him for burglary. Red Mike, angered by the failure of Bing to return promptly with the proceeds of the sale of the chickens, goes to the camp looking for Bing. He knocks Bing prostrate, and when Bing, in retaliation, accuses him of being a crook, Red Mike attempts to shoot him but is overpowered and bound by the scouts. Bing then tells him that he is through with him and starts away to begin the life of a boy hobo. Curly invites him to stay in camp until the troop returns to the city and promises to try to get him a job. Bing accepts and is elected a member of the troop. Red Mike threatens the scouts with violence when he is released. Curly suggests turning him over to the sheriff to question him about the safe robbery. Red Mike says, "I don't wanna talk to no sheriff," promises to leave Bing alone and get out of the camp as soon as released. Bing pleads for Mike's release. Mike is set free and hurries away. Bing says to scouts: "I ain't got nobody now but youse guys; an' I'm a goin' to make good or bust a suspender."

ACT II—By prompt and intelligent action Bing saves the life of Skinny, who has been bitten by a rattlesnake, and also effects a daring rescue of Jigs and Teddy from drowning. He has now been in the troop two years, during which he has attended night school while holding a job with the scoutmaster. He has become a first-class scout, who needs only three more merit badges to make him an Eagle Scout—the highest honor a scout can attain. Various scout contests are held in which Bing wins the individual championship of his troop and also qualifies as an Eagle Scout. These trophies are awarded him amid the cheers of his admiring comrades, and the transformation of a member of the alley gang into a fine, manly boy through scout influence is com-

plete, and all ends happily. The comedy element is furnished by Raze, the colored cook of the camp, and Happy Holmes, the wit of the troop.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

Act I.

Bing tries to make a sale. "We don't eat stolen chickens." "Dese ain't stole; dey was jest swiped when de farmer wasn't lookin'." Red Mike in search of Bing. The accusation and the attack. "No you don't." Scouts overpower Red Mike and bind his hands and feet. Bing starts to leave. "Stay here in camp with us." "Gimme a chance, fellers, won't ye?" Red Mike threatens the boys and is reminded of a safe robbery for which he has been hunted. "I don't wanna talk to no sheriff." Red Mike released. "I ain't got nobody now but youse guys an' I'm a goin' to make good or bust a suspender."

Act II.

Two years have passed. Skinny relates a thrilling adventure in which Bing has proven the hero. "Here's the snake's rattle." "We're proud to have you in our troop." Performance of scout stunts. Bing wins all the contests except one. "I am proud to pin on your breast this Eagle Scout badge." "You have proven yourself a Boy Scout Hero."

PROPERTIES.

Act I.

Several buckets of water, and towels. Bugle for Toots. Map for Bunny. Piece of rustic furniture for Scotty. Piece of carpentry for Dicky. Piece of red yarn for Dicky. Two live chickens for Bing. Two ropes to bind Red Mike. Gun for Red Mike. Huge tin or leather medal, dish pan and large spoon for Raze.

Act II.

Rattlesnake rattle (or imitation made of dried lima beans), bandage and sling for Skinny. Two dish pans,

one of which is mashed, for Raze. Ropes for knot-tying contest. Flags for signaling contest, and paper and pencils with which to receive messages. Handkerchiefs to tie wrists, for operators in firemanship. Triangular bandages for operators in first aid and bandaging; also ropes to represent live electric wires. Fire lighting sets for operators. Mattress for human pyramid. Knot of tri-colored ribbons and medal for Bing.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; upstage, away from footlights; downstage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRODUCING.

This play was written to conform to the playing ability of the average scout troop. "Bing" should be played by the most capable boy. "Red Mike" should be played by an adult. If the scoutmaster takes this part he should double in the "Scoutmaster" in Act II. "Raze" should be played preferably by an experienced adult amateur; if not possible, then by a large scout. All other characters should be played by scouts. Players should be drilled to speak naturally, but in a strong, clear voice which will carry to the rear of the hall. Avoid letting the voice drop on the last syllable in a sentence. Have all "props" ready and in their assigned places. Do not have any waits caused by a mislaid "prop" or a forgotten speech. Put all the snap and life into it which belong to a comedy drama. Action, continuous action, is the keynote to success. Any of the scout contests described in Act II (except Firemanship, First Aid and Signalling) may be omitted if desired, or others may be substituted. Work the contests rapidly for dramatic effect. All members of the troop may appear in the play, even though they do not have lines. If fewer speaking parts are desired, the small parts may be added to those of the principal scout characters. Repeated rehearsals will increase smoothness of production.

THE BOY SCOUT HERO

ACT I.

SCENE: *Two tents R and L. upstage. Boughs and small trees at rear of stage to represent forest. Flagpole at back C. At one side of the tent is a box on which are wash basins and nearby is a pail of water.*

Just before the curtain rises, reveille is blown on the bugle.

At rise, members of the troop, with suspenders down, dressed, except coats and hats, which they carry, pour out of the tents and wash up in water, then quickly finish dressing. A dog on a leash is led by BUDDY. As soon as PIGGIE, HAPPY, BUDDY and STUFFY are on the stage the dialogue begins. PIGGIE is minus scout coat and one shoe.

PIGGIE. Who's got my coat?

HAPPY. I'm not your valet.

PIGGIE. I've only got one shoe. (*Holds it up in his hands.*)

HAPPY. Why didn't your father buy you two?

STUFFY (*to BUDDY*). Say, Buddy, I want you to quit tickling my bare feet when I'm in bed.

BUDDY. You old Rip Van Winkle, why don't you get up when the bugle blows?

STUFFY (*yawns*). Gee, but I'm sleepy. And I'm hungry as a wolf.

BUDDY. You're always thinking about eats.

STUFFY. Well, I'm hungry enough to eat a board this minute if it was buttered. Why, I can even eat Raze's cooking.

HEINE (*to TOOTS*). I learned the overhead stroke in swimming yesterday.

TOOTS. And I passed my exam for merit badge in life-saving.

BUNNY. Look! Fellows, here's the map of our hike I

drew yesterday. (*Exhibits large map in bold colors and heavy lines which is held up by BUNNY and another scout in view of audience, while various scouts inspect and comment on it.*)

SCOTTY. Take a squint at this chair. (*Or other piece of rustic furniture.*) It passed me on craftsmanship.

DICKY. And what do you think of this for my piece of carpentry? (*Exhibiting it.*)

HAPPY. Say, fellows, I bought ten cents worth of wire nails last week. What do you think I bought them for?

STUFFY. I don't know. What *did* you buy them for?

HAPPY. For ten cents. (*All laugh.*)

TOOTS (*to DICKY, who is wearing red yarn string tied around forefinger*). What are you wearing that string on your finger for, Dicky?

DICKY. The Scoutmaster put that on so I wouldn't forget to go to town and mail a letter for him.

TOOTS. Did you mail it?

DICKY. No, the Scoutmaster forgot to give it to me. (*All laugh.*) Where is the Scoutmaster now?

TOOTS. He is down at the swimming hole, fixing the diving board. (*Looking toward entrance.*) Here comes Raze. I put a dead snake in his bed on his bare feet early this morning. I'd better hide before he catches me. (*Hides behind two scouts.*)

Enter RAZE.

RAZE. Scouts, does ye want biscuits or flapjacks fo' brekfus?

ALL. Flapjacks! Flapjacks!

RAZE. Oh me, oh my! How you scouts can eat. You must be holler clean down to yo' heels. If Ah evah finds da scout what put dat snake in mah bed, ah sho' won't give him nothin' to eat.

DICKY (*to RAZE*). Say, "Raze" is not your real name. What *is* your real name, anyhow?

RAZE. Lemme think. Ah believes Ah can remembah it. Oh, yes. It's George Washington Abraham Linkum Ras-

tus Jones, but dey calls me "Raze" fo' short. Say, scouts, dis ain't gittin' brekfus ready. My! How you scouts can lap up de vittles! You keep me cookin' all de time, all de time. (*Exits hurriedly.*)

DEACON. All ready, fellows, fall in for flag-raising. (*Troop takes place in semi-circle and stand at "attention."*) DEACON at R. front of stage. One scout at halyards.) Raise flag! (*Flag is slowly raised.*) Scouts—uncover! (*All scouts hold hats on left breast with right hand until flag is raised.*) Scouts—attention! (*Scouts replace hats and stand at "attention."*)

(*Song, "Star Spangled Banner." By entire troop.*)

DEACON. Break—ranks! (*Scouts form natural groups around right, left and back stage.*)

BUDDY (*holding dog on leash*). Say, fellows, didn't Tige behave fine during the flag-raising? And did you notice that when we saluted, he saluted also, by wagging his tail?

CURLY. Sure he did. Tige is just as good a scout as there is in this troop. I believe he is better than some of us. Fellows, do you know that every boy scout troop ought to have a mascot? What do you say to electing Tige as *our* mascot?

BUDDY. You couldn't get a better one if you went a thousand miles and hunted a thousand weeks.

CURLY. All in favor of electing Tige as our mascot, say "Aye!"

ALL. Aye.

TOOTS (*looking toward entrance*). Look fellows, there is a boy coming this way through the woods. He looks like a tramp. I wonder what he wants in this camp?

Enter BING, carrying two live chickens.

BING (*to others*). Say, wouldn't youse guys like to buy a coupla nice chickens?

CURLY (*to BING*). Do you raise chickens?

BING. No, of course not. Me uncle, Red Mike Fogarty,

swiped 'em from a farmer's hen roost last night an' sent me over here to sell 'em.

CURLY. We don't eat stolen chickens.

BING. Dese aint stole. Dey was jest swiped when de farmer wasn't lookin'.

CURLY. Where do you live?

BING. I'm livin' in a cave over behind dat hill wit' my uncle.

CURLY. Haven't you any home?

BING. I did have one in de city. Den Red Mike lost his job as barkeep in Sullivan's saloon. After dat dere was a safe blowed open in a bank—but Red Mike didn't get no money. De cops wus lookin' fer him, though, an' he t'ought he'd better make his git-a-way till things quieted down, so he brought me out here. Red Mike ain't no burglar. He just can't find a job. But he's a mean guy, though. You'd better not cross him. He'd beat up every one uv ye. He beat me yesterday, 'cause I wouldn't swipe chickens for him no more. He seys to me this morning, seys he: "Bing Baker, if ye don't bring me de coin fer dem chicken's in a hurry, I'll knock yer block off."

Enter RAZE.

RAZE (*eyeing chickens in BING's hand*). Is we a gwine to have chicken soup fo' dinnah?

CURLY (*to RAZE*). Not with stolen chickens. I think you had better boil the soup bones we got yesterday. Three will be enough for Stuffy here (*indicating STUFFY with thumb*), and the other one will do for the rest of the troop. (*Looking toward entrance.*) Look! Who is that big fellow coming through the woods.

BING. It's Red Mike, an' he looks mad. He's sore 'cause I ain't back wid de money. Lemme hide behind youse guys. (*Hides behind scouts, front stage.*)

Enter RED MIKE, angry.

RED MIKE (*fiercely*). Where's Bing Baker? (*No one answers.*)

RAZE. Ah doan like de looks o' dat man. He sho' looks

bad. Safety first. Me fur de kichen. (*Exits hurriedly, with hair standing on end.*)

RED MIKE (*to others*). Where's Bing, I say? I sent him over here to sell some chickens. (*Pushes way through crowd until he sees BING.*) Ha! There you are! Ye little rat! Why ain't ye brought me de coin fer dem chickens?

BING (*cringing*). I was a tryin' to sell 'em. Yes, I was.

RED MIKE. Ye lie! Ye little loafer, ye was playin' wid dese boys. Dat's what ye was doin'. Ye wasn't tryin' to sell my chickens at all. Ye know I've got to have de coin. I told ye I'd beat ye if ye didn't mind me. Now I'll learn ye a lesson ye won't fergit. (*Strikes BING a glancing blow on the temple which sends him sprawling on his back. A scout claps hands to imitate sound of blow. BING drops chickens, which are then removed to side stage by a scout.*)

PIGGIE. Stop that! Hold on there!

BUNNY. No, you don't. (*As BING recovers his feet RED MIKE rushes toward him again. Several scouts step between them.*)

BING. Don't ye dare to hit me agin. Ye big stiff. You're a crook an' ye know it.

RED MIKE. I'm a crook, am I? Well, I'll croak ye right now, so ye'll never squeal on me agin. (*RED MIKE draws a revolver and as he starts toward BING several scouts shout.*)

SCOUTS. "No, you don't!" "Not while we're here." (*The scouts overpower RED MIKE, throw him to ground on his back and bind his arms and feet with ropes.*)

RED MIKE (*struggling fiercely. To BING*). I'll git ye yit, Bing, if it's the last act of my life. I'll make ye suffer fer this, and I'll break the heads of every one of ye boys (*looking around at scouts*) fer this dirty trick ye've played on me.

DEACON (*to RED MIKE*). You may call it a dirty trick if you will, but I'll tell you right now that we scouts won't stand for you beating a boy. As long as Bing is in our camp, we're going to protect him. You're a great big coward or you wouldn't dare to strike a boy.

RED MIKE. I'm a coward, am I? Well you jist wait till I git up an' I'll knock yer block off de first one.

DEACON (*laughing sarcastically*). But you're not up yet, and furthermore you're not going to get up.

BING. Mike, listen to me. I've stood yer kicks an' cuffs just as long as I'm a goin' to. Ye made me quit my job in de box factory, an' come out here wit' ye, when de cops got after ye. You're tryin' to make a crook outa me. I'm through wit' ye. I'm a goin' to leave ye fer good. (BING *starts to leave*.) Here's where I make my git-a-way now an' hoe my own row.

DEACON. Where are you going, Bing?

BING (*stopping irresolutely*). I don't know. I ain't got no place to go. I'll hit the road, I guess, and be a hobo.

DEACON. No, don't do that. Stay here in camp with us till we go back to town. Then we'll try to get you a job. Why, Mr. (*name scoutmaster*) said last week that he wanted an office boy. Maybe he would take you.

BING (*with emotion*). Oh, if he only would! I'd try awful hard to make good. I've always wanted a chance in life, an' youse guys is de only ones what's ever been kind to me. I'm a pretty tough guy, 'cause I ain't had no chance to be nothin' else. Me father and me mother died when I was ten years old an' den Red Mike took me. I ain't went to school since I been livin' wit' him. Just work—and a kick in de slats—dats all I ever gits. I use to think de scouts was a bunch o' sissys; but when I seen how ye took Red Mike's gun away from him and put him on his back—de first time anybody ever done dat—I says to myself, "Dere's de kind of guys I wants to travel wit'." Gimme a chance, fellers, won't ye?

CURLY. Sure we will. Fellows, what do you say to taking Bing into our troop and making a man of him?

PUDGE. No, we don't want him.

SKINNY. Oh, he's too tough.

OTHERS (*growl*). No.

CURLY. Listen to me, fellows. This kid (*gestures toward BING*) has never had a chance to amount to anybody. He

never had a good home. Red Mike has kicked and knocked him about 'till all the good in the kid has been hammered out of him. But he is not a crook. He has never had a chance to chum with good, clean fellows like you. The scout law says a scout is helpful, he is friendly, he is kind. Let's be helpful, and friendly, and kind to him. We'll make a man out of him in this troop. Won't you give him a chance?

ALL. Yes! Yes!

TOOTS. I move we take him into the troop.

CURLY. All in favor of it say "Aye!"

ALL. Aye! Aye!

BING (*with emotion*). Youse guys is too good to me. Everybody else gives me a kick. When I t'inks how kind youse been to me, it makes de tears come in me eyes. (*Wipes eyes with sleeves.*) I'm quittin' Red Mike today, an' I'm a goin' to do me best to make good wit' youse.

CURLY. Deacon, swear him into the troop.

DEACON. Yes, Curly. (*To BING.*) Hold up your right hand and repeat the scout oath. "On my honor I will do my best—

BING (*repeats*).

DEACON. "To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law."

BING (*repeats*).

DEACON. "To help other people at all times."

BING (*repeats*).

DEACON. "To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

BING (*repeats*).

ALL. Hurrah for Bing!

Enter RAZE, pokes his head in cautiously.

RAZE. What's all dis noise about? (*Looks at RED MIKE and becomes frightened, hair stands on end. Then to DEACON.*) Did you git his gun?

DEACON. Yes, we got it?

RAZE. Is he tied up?

DEACON. Yes, tight as a drum.

RAZE. Is ye sho' he can't git up?

DEACON. No, he can't get up?

(RAZE goes over to RED MIKE and pokes him cautiously several times with his finger. Business with fright wig.)

RAZE (to RED MIKE). Who's 'fraid o' you? Ahm not!

TOOTS. Well, it looked like you *were*, when you ran out of here a few minutes ago.

RAZE. Oh, no, Ah was jest goin' to see about mah flap-jacks.

TOOTS (*ironically*). You're a brave man, Raze, *you* are.

RAZE. Ah sho' am. Ah got dis medal (*tapping huge tin medal*) from de Colored Cooks Protective Union fer bein' de bravest man in de union.

TOOTS. What did you do to earn it?

RAZE. Ah saved a man frum death.

TOOTS. How did you do that?

RAZE. Well, dere was a starvin' tramp broke into mah kitchen where ah works in town, an' ah runs out an' gits a cop an' had him 'rested fo' he gorged himself to death. (*All laugh. RAZE exits hurriedly.*)

CURLY. Well, boys, what shall we do with Red Mike?

RED MIKE (*to others*). I know what I'll do wit' *youse* when I gits up. I'll break de heads of every one of ye an' I'll crack every bone in Bing's body, too.

CURLY (*to RED MIKE*). Oh, if that's your game, I think we will hand you over to the sheriff. Maybe he would like to question you about that safe robbery which you didn't have anything to do with.

RED MIKE (*cringing*). No, don't do that. Don't hand me over to no sheriff. I won't hurt ye, boys; I was jest jokin'—honest I was. Please lemme go an' I'll promise to let Bing alone forever, an' I'll be out of dis camp in two seconds; an' when I go, I'll go fer good.

CURLY. Good!

BING (*to RED MIKE*). I ain't got no love fer ye, Mike—de way ye've always treated me. An' if I stayed wit' ye, I'd be a crook sure. Now I'm leavin' ye fer ever. Won't ye try to git a job an' be an honest man?

RED MIKE. Yes, Bing, if ye'll lemme up. I'm sorroy fer beatin' ye; an' I don't want to talk to no sheriff. Lemme get outa here, an' I'll never trouble ye agin.

BING (*to all*). Please let him go, fellers.

CURLY. Yes, let him go. Untie him.

ALL. Yes, let him go. (RED MIKE *is released and dashes off stage.*)

BING (*with emotion, waving his hand to MIKE*). Good-bye, Mike. (*Soliloquizing.*) He's de only relation I've got in de world. (*Wipes eyes with sleeve.*) Now dat he's gone I ain't got nobody but youse guys, an' youse is mighty good to gimme a chance; an' fellers, I'm goin' to make good wit' youse or bust a suspender.

Enter RAZE, hammering dishpan with large spoon.

RAZE. Brekfus wid flapjacks is all ready, scouts.

ALL. Lead me to it.

(*All rush off stage to breakfast, during which curtain descends quickly.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *Same 'camp and setting as Act I. Two years later.*

At rise all scouts except SKINNY and BING are on stage, sitting in groups, talking, tying knots, mending uniforms, drawing maps, etc. Characters stand when speaking.

CURLY. Say, fellows, that was *some* dinner. Soup, hunter's stew, baked potatoes, stewed corn and tomatoes, rice pudding with lots of big fat raisins in it, and plenty of milk.

DEACON (*to CURLY*). Yes, you can drink as much as a calf.

CURLY (*to DEACON*). And you can eat more soup than a tramp in a free soup kitchen.

PIGGIE (*to HAPPY*). Come on, Happy, let's get some firewood for the kitchen.

HAPPY. I can't. I'm on the cook detail today. I have

to bathe the crockery. Say, Bing, we've got a new cook at our house and we call her "Japan."

PIGGIE. Why do you call her Japan.

HAPPY. 'Cause she's so hard on China. (*All laugh.*)

PIGGIE. Aw, cut out that comedy and go bathe your crockery.

Enter SKINNY FORD with right hand bandaged in a sling.

SKINNY (*excitedly*). Say, fellows, I was bitten by a big rattlesnake, across the river!

ALL (*rise*). You were?

SKINNY. Yes. Bing and I were getting leaves for a forestry collection when I dropped one and stopped to pick it up and a big rattler—coiled up under a bush—buried his fangs in my finger. I yelled for Bing and he tied a cord around my finger above the wound, which he opened with his knife. Then he sucked out the poison with his mouth and cauterized it with strong ammonia from his first-aid kit. Bing killed the snake with a stone. Here's the snake's rattle. (*Exhibiting it.*)

PIGGIE (*to SKINNY*). How do you feel now?

SKINNY. All right now, but I was pretty weak an hour ago. Bing knew what to do and he did it in a hurry. I wouldn't be alive this minute but for Bing. He saved my life.

PUDGE. But, fellows, that's nothing to what he did last Saturday. I was standing on the river bank and saw it all. Teddy Thompson was swimming in twenty feet of water when he got a cramp and hollered for help. Jigs Young went after him quicker than you can say Jack Robin. When Teddy came up he grabbed Jigs around the neck so tight that Jigs couldn't break his hold and both went down together. Then Bing came running up and jumped in with all his clothes on, using the overhand stroke like this. (*Imitating overhand stroke.*) He dived to the bottom and brought them to the surface. Then, after a terrible struggle, he brought them both to shore. Swim? My! How that boy can swim! You fellows got there by that time and brought Teddy around. The rescue was the bravest thing

I ever saw a boy do, and it took Bing to do it. (*Looking toward entrance.*) Why, here he comes now.

Enter BING.

SKINNY. Three cheers for Bing Baker!

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

DEACON (*shaking BING's hand*). Bing, accept my congratulations. You are always doing the right thing at the right time and you're always around when you're needed. Do you remember it was just two years ago today that you joined this troop?

BING. Yes, Deacon, and thanks to these scouts you have given me the chance in life that I always wanted.

DEACON. And do you remember that some of the scouts didn't want to take you in?

BING. I don't wonder at that. I was a pretty tough boy then. But Mr. (*name scoutmaster*) gave me a job and a chance to make good. I never had it before. I didn't have anybody to look after me but Red Mike Fogarty, and somehow I never made much headway when I was living with him. I used to dream how I would like to get an education and amount to somebody in the world, but the way seemed dark and I couldn't see anything but a job as a bartender or a burglar as long as I stayed with my uncle. But now I have quit my old gang; I have been going to night school for two years and I intend to make a man of myself. You scouts have shown me that there is something better in the world than shooting craps and loafing and stealing.

DEACON. Yes, Bing, we're proud to have you in our troop.

BING. You've done more than that. You've given me the only chance I ever had in my life to make good—and I'm going to do it. You've taught me clean living and something to work for, and you helped me when I needed help. I appreciate it, Deacon, and I love every scout in this troop. You're the best gang I ever traveled with. I'd cut off my right arm for you fellows if need be. You're true blue. When I was a member of the "Alley Gang" I swiped every-

thing that was lying around loose. Now I try to do my good turn to somebody every day.

CURLY. Yes, and we scouts get as much pleasure doing our daily good turns as the people for whom we do them.

HAPPY (*to CURLY and BING*). Say, Good Turners, lend me a jitney, won't you?

CURLY. What for, Happy?

HAPPY. I borrowed a nickel last week from Deacon Parsons to buy a soda and he's been dunning me for it.

CURLY. Tell him he ought to donate at least one nickel to the heathen. (*Pointing his thumb at HAPPY.*)

HAPPY. You're right, Curly. Deacon Parsons ought to give one nickel to the heathen and I'm the heathen they call "Happy" Holmes. Say, fellows, do you know that everybody in this troop has a nickname except the scoutmaster?

TOOTS. That's right. Let's vote him one. Deacon, call the scouts to order.

DEACON. Come to order, fellows. We are going to select a nickname for the scoutmaster. (*Scouts quickly seat themselves in a semi-circle. DICKY stands back of circle.*) I don't think it's right to leave him out.

SKINNY. Neither do I. He'll feel hurt if we don't treat him as well as the rest of the troop.

HEINE. All right. Let's give him a name.

BUDDY. You've got to love a feller to give him a name that sticks.

BUNNY. I think "Prexy" would be a good name for him.

RUBE. Call him "Long Legs."

DEACON. No, that won't do. It ain't dignified enough.

PIGGIE. Well, let's call him "Captain."

BUNNY. We ain't a troop of soldiers. We're a troop of boy scouts.

PIGGIE. Well, then, what's the matter with "Professor" or "Daddy"?

TOOTS. I think "Big Nose" would be a better name for him.

DICKY (*pushes his way into the circle, where he stands*).

Let me have a chance, fellows. Suppoisn' we were a tribe of wild Indians living in wigwams way out West, and we were hunting game, and fishing, and scalping white people for a living. We would have a big chief at our head, wouldn't we?

ALL. Yes, of course.

DICKY. Well, if we were goin' to elect a big chief today, whom would we elect?

BUNNY. Why, Mr. (*name scoutmaster*), of course.

DICKY. Then let's call him Chief (*name scoutmaster*).

ALL. Hurrah!

DEACON. Fellows, I think we should appoint Dicky a committee of one to officially notify Mr. (*name scoutmaster*) that we have voted him a new name.

ALL. Yes. All right. (*All stand up. SCOUTMASTER steps out of tent.*)

SCOUTMASTER. Well, scouts, what's all the noise about?

DICKY. Mr. (*name scoutmaster*), you know everybody in this troop has a nickname 'cept you, and we knew you didn't want to be left out, 'cause we thought you'd feel hurt; so we voted to call you "Chief."

RAZE *enters carrying two dishpans, one of which is mashed and concealed in a good pan.*

SCOUTMASTER. I thank you, scouts, for this compliment. The distinction you have conferred on me by this title will add new responsibilities to those I already have. I assure you I appreciate my new honors highly and I shall do my best to measure up to them. I thank you heartily for this honor. Now I know that I am one of you.

BUDDY. Let's give a cheer for the Chief!

ALL. Hurrah! (RAZE *startled, falls over his pans, making a loud clatter.*)

RAZE. For de lan' sake, Mistah (*name scoutmaster*), I wanted to show you how dese pans is rustin', and now I'se done gone and busted one of 'em. (*Exhibits mashed pan. Scouts shove RAZE off stage.*)

ALL. Get out of here! Back to your kitchen!

RAZE. I won't give you scouts no suppah. (*Exits.*)

SCOUTMASTER. Scouts, have you written your daily letter to your parents?

ALL. Yes, sir.

SCOUTMASTER. Now that that's done, what do you say to pulling off the scout contests we were discussing yesterday?

ALL. Yes, yes, the contests. Let's have them.

SCOUTMASTER. We will have a series of contests open to all members of this troop, and this championship ribbon (*exhibiting bunch of three ribbons of blue, yellow and white*) will be awarded to the scout making the best score. Three of these contests will be regarded as examination for merit badges, Signaling, First Aid and Bandaging, and Firemanship. One of our scouts, William Baker, better known as "Bing," already has 18 of the 21 merit badges which are necessary to attain the highest rank a boy scout can reach—that of Eagle Scout. If Bing passes in these three contests it will qualify him for the last three merit badges, which will make him an Eagle Scout. Are you ready, boys?

ALL. Yes! Yes! Let's begin.

(NOTE.—*Any of the following events, except the three mentioned above, may be omitted if desired.*)

SCOUTMASTER. The first contest will be knot tying. Get your ropes. (*The scouts who are skilled in knot-tying take their places front stage, the others in a semi-circle behind them. The SCOUTMASTER calls out six or eight different knots, which the scouts tie rapidly as called; then they hold each knot over their heads a moment for view by audience.*)

SCOUTMASTER. The second contest will be signaling with flags, using the Morse and semaphore codes. (*SCOUTMASTER whispers to each signaler the message he is to send. Scouts are sent to rear of hall to receive the messages. BING should be given the shortest message. After the written messages have been handed the SCOUTMASTER by the receivers, he announces:*)

SCOUTMASTER. The messages which were sent and received were the following: "We welcome our friends to-

night." "We thank you for your interest in us." "Our troop is the crack troop of Boy Scouts." (*Or other suitable messages.*)

SCOUTMASTER. The next event is firemanship. Let this square represent a smoke filled room. Three persons in it are overcome by smoke. Three scouts will now demonstrate the method of rescue and resuscitation. (*BING and two other scouts crawl into room feet foremost, keeping faces near floor, roll unconscious victims on back, tie wrists together with handkerchiefs, get astride victims on hands and knees with head through tied wrists and drag them, "fireman's drag," to front stage, where each resuscitates his victim by Sylvester method as described in Scout Manual. Then demonstrate fireman's lift.*)

SCOUTMASTER. The next contest will be First Aid and Bandaging. Let us have four (*or more*) operators and four subjects. Demonstrate the use of the tourniquet for a cut artery in the wrist. Demonstrate removal of live electric wire (*piece of rope*) from victim. Demonstrate how to put out burning clothing. Demonstrate bandaging, using triangular bandage on subjects seated in chairs, as follows: Sling for arm, bandage ankle, wrist, chest and head.

SCOUTMASTER. The next event is fire lighting by friction, in which fire will be made by rubbing sticks together in the Indian fashion. Are you ready? Go!

SCOUTMASTER. The last event is the human pyramid. (*Made by ten scouts. The four largest and strongest form the bottom row; three form second row; two form third row; all the foregoing scouts on hands and knees; the smallest boy in troop stands erect on the backs of the two scouts who form the third row and waves a signal flag. A mattress should be used for bottom row to ease knees. SCOUTMASTER should give the following commands to form the pyramid.*)

Pyramid—Fall in. (*Pyramid falls in, back of mattress, in four rows in the order in which they make up the pyramid.*) Bottom row—Down. Second row—Up. Third row—Up. Apex—Up. (*To break the pyramid give the fol-*

lowing commands.) Apex—Down. Third row—Down. Second row—Down. Bottom row—Up. Break—Ranks. (*Scouts resume places in semi-circle.*)

SCOUTMASTER. I announce, as the result of the contests, that Scout Baker has won all the contests but one, and that he is therefore awarded the ribbon as individual scout champion of this troop; and more than that, he has successfully passed the examinations for the three remaining merit badges which qualify him as an Eagle Scout. William Baker, advance three paces. (*BING remains in ranks beside HAPPY.*)

HAPPY (*nudging BING*). He means you, Bing. Don't you know your name is William? (*BING advances three paces and stands at "attention."*)

SCOUTMASTER. I am pleased to award you this ribbon emblematic of the championship of this troop (*pins ribbon on right shoulder*), but I am still more proud to pin on your breast this Eagle Scout badge (*use any medal in lieu of Eagle Scout badge*) in recognition of the fact that you are a well trained scout. You have exemplified the Boy Scout motto, "Be Prepared," as have all the other members of this troop. Our city takes great pride in this splendid body of scouts who are being trained to become good citizens. You have earned this emblem by your proficiency in scoutcraft. I am glad our troop claims you. I congratulate you, Bing, on your great honors, fairly and honestly won. You have proven yourself a Boy Scout Hero!

BING. I thank you, Mr. Scoutmaster, and I thank all you boys for helping me.

HAPPY (*shouting*). Bing's the boy who put the seed in succeed. Three cheers for Bing.

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

SCOUTMASTER. Now the troop yell!

ALL (*troop yell*). Rah! Rah! Rah! Red, white, blue.
We're Boy Scouts. Who are you?
Siss! Boom! Ah-a-a-a-a-ah!

(*All stamp feet on last three words.*)

SCOUTMASTER. Now let us sing our rousing new song,
"Happy Boy Scouts."

HAPPY BOY SCOUTS.

(*Air, "Stand Up for Jesus," double time, very fast like a quick-step.*)

Come, boys, and join our army
And be prepared for life.
Boy scouts are always ready
And always in the strife.
We give first aid to injured,
We help the poor and weak,
We do a good turn daily,
Kind words we ever speak.

CHORUS.

Boy scouts are always ready,
We study, work and play.
When victory's won, we have our fun.
We're happy, we're happy all the day.

We now salute our banner,
The red, the white, the blue.
We hike around the country
And learn just what to do.
We tie the knots of friendship,
We build our campfires bright,
We run the race of duty
And stand for what is right.

CHORUS.

CURTAIN.

The Thread of Destiny

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama of the Civil War in 3 acts; 9 males, 16 females. Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 1 interior, 2 exteriors. Characters: Peyton Bailey, of the U. S. army. Beverly Montgomery, a confederate scout. Colonel Montgomery, a gentleman of the old school. Tom Randolph, a Southern gallant. John Morton, of the North. Ralph, who did not go to war. George and Uncle Billy, slaves. A Union Scout. Virginia, the toast of the country. Betty, the "Little Colonel." Edith, a northern cousin. Louise, a spy. Eight charming southern girls. Mrs. Montgomery. Miss Melissy, of inquisitive nature. Fanny and Mammy, slaves.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Betty breaks a looking glass. Edith calms her fears and tells her "the signs of the times." "Virginia has seceded." Beverly enlists. "A Virginia woman does not even recognize an acquaintance among the enemies of Virginia."

Act II.—"I don' wan' no tarnished silber linin' to my cloud." "There are some things more precious than money, than jewels." "Death cannot conquer love—nor eternity." "Some day there will be no North, no South, but the Union." The Union scout falls a prey to Edith's fascinations and her cleverness wins the coveted dispatch. Virginia opens the door—to Peyton. Beverly is discovered. Friendship proves stronger than duty.

Act III.—Three years work a great change. Peyton pleads in vain. George and Fanny "take de road to de lan' of happiness." "In our little circle the stars and bars are floating high." Virginia gives Peyton another rose and together they trace against the background of blue and gray "the golden thread of destiny."

Shadows

By MARY MONCURE PARKER.

Price, 15 Cents

Play of the South today and a dream of the past in 1 act; an interior scene; 3 males, 4 females. Time, 35 minutes. Characters: Prologue and the Awakening: Robert Ashton, Virginia's sweetheart. Aunt Geranium, an old colored mammy. Virginia Lee, a southern maid. The Dream: Gordon Sanford, a soldier in love with Alice. Harold Hale, the successful rival. Mrs. Horace Fairfax, a stern mother of long ago. Alice Fairfax, her dutiful daughter.

STORY OF THE PLAY.

Virginia Lee's mother insists upon her marriage with a rich suitor, who has agreed to restore their impoverished estate. Virginia has a sweetheart of her childhood days and hesitates in making a choice, but finally decides upon wealth instead of love. An old colored mammy, who has spent her life in the Lee household, understands the situation and tells Virginia of a similar episode in the life of Virginia's grandmother. Virginia in pondering over the incident and grieving over her own troubles, falls asleep. She dreams of the story just told and the dream folks appear and play their parts. Virginia awakens, the shadows flee and she comes to her senses and her lover.

The old colored mammy says: "Dis heah ole worl's jes' full of shadders. Fokes comes an' dey goes, ripens and drops like the fruit on de tree. Ole Mars is gone, old Mistis gone. De substance melts and fades away. Ain't nothing left but shadders."

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Macbeth à la Mode

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

School burletta in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females, also teachers, students, etc., with only a few lines. Time, 1¼ hours. No scenery required, merely a front curtain and an easel with placards announcing scenes. **Plot:** Willie Macbeth is the social leader of the Senior Class. With his friend Banquo he encounters Three Witches, who prophecy that he will pass his examinations, be elected to a class office and will play on the football team. The first two prophecies come true and in Act II, Lady Macbeth, his mother, arranges for him to play on the football team, by drugging the captain. Macbeth flies to the witches for further advice and learns that he will make a touchdown. He does, but runs with the ball toward the enemy's goal, thus losing the game for his own team. Contains five songs: "Fairwell, My Fairy Fay," "Tact," "The Senior Class," "Music and Laughter" and "Good Night," all sung to college airs. This play is very humorous and particularly adapted for schools.

THE WITCHES' CHANT

Round about the cauldron go;
Mathematics you must know.
Let X equal the cold stone,
When will Y be thirty-one?
Drop that in the mystic pan;
Tell me, pray, how old is Ann?
Double, double, boil and bubble,
Mathematics makes them trouble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Biology makes 'em cut and jab.
Thirteen hours a week in lab,
Latin, Greek and German, too,
Fifty pages make a stew.

And to thicken up the mystery.
Take two chapters English History.

Physics, French and English Lit.

Spend an hour on each or git.
All night long from six to three,
Study math and chemistry.
In the hours when you should
dream,
Write an English twelve-page
theme.

Work at night and Sunday, too.
Outside reading you must do.

Next day, when you're on the
bunk,

Teacher springs exam—you
flunk.

Double, double, boil and bubble,
High school life is full of trouble.
Cool it with a Freshman's blood,
Then the charm is thick and
good.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way
comes.

Reminiscences of the Donation Party

By JESSIE A. KELLEY.

Price, 25 Cents

The soliloquy of a minister's wife, with tableaux. For 40 or more characters, both sexes, although the number is optional and it can be presented with a smaller cast. Time, about 35 minutes. The wife at the side of the stage recounts the many amusing incidents of the party, tells who attended and what they brought, etc. The characters appear in pantomime. This entertainment is unique. It fills the demand for something that can be put on "at the last moment." It eliminates the usual long preparations required in producing a play; no parts to memorize and it can be played on any platform. Highly humorous, replete with local hits and strongly recommended for church societies.

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Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min..	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min....	4	3
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min..	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min...	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min....	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min....	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.	8	
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.....	1	1
Patsy. O'Wang, 35 min.....	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min..	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
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Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min..	3	2
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Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.....	2	
For Reform, 20 min.....	4	
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Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min..	9	2
Her Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Hey, Rubel! 15 min.....	1	
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Mischievous Nigger, 25 min..	4	2
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Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.....	6	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2	
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.....	1	
Special Sale, 15 min.....	2	
Stage Struck Darry, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min..	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min..	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min....	2	
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